A POEM upon Mr. TYTUS OATES,
The first Discoverer of the late Popish Plot.

This is the true Originall taken from the Life done for HEN: BROME *and* RIC: CHISWELL: *All others are Counterfeit.*

BEhold the Chief and Happy Instrument,
Whom Providence for *Britain*'s Safety sent.
Westminster taught him, *Cambridge* bred him, then
Left him instead of Books, to study Men.
And those he studied with so true an Art,
As deeply div'd into the very Heart
Of Foul Conspiracy. He smil'd the while
To see the busie Jesuit vainly toil,
Contrive, design, and pamper his lewd Hate
Of Prince condemn'd for Excommunicate,
In hopes of his Cajol'd Assassinate.

But here the far-fam'd *OATES*, for far his Fame
Is spread ere this, (to *Odescalchi*'s shame)
By Acts that seem'd Illegal, ventur'd on,
To make that Legal which himself had done.
Crimes cease to be so, where the main Intent
Shews the whole Act religiously meant.
No more than what brave *Cushai* did long since,
'Gainst Rebel Son to Father and to Prince:
And in the Noble *Persian* well approv'd,
That farr beyond himself his Sovereign lov'd.
The Wise *Director* shew'd his prudent art,
On such a Stage so well to act his part,
That cunning *Loyola*'s more cunning Sect
Could not his true and lawful aims detect.
Submissive Constancy no less appear'd,
And no less Courage that so little fear'd
The fatal Consequence of smart Revenge,
(Wherein the Jesuits are no Sons of Change)
With Bloudy Hands and Minds prepared still,
If Kings themselves, the meaner *OATES* to kill.
For had they known his aim, be you secure,
Th'had more Cravats than one t'have made him sure.
Fools to deny the Fact! His very Name
Speaks the whole Truth in one short Anagram:
While *TESTIS OVAT* in an easie sense
Yields him the Triumph of his Evidence.
And lest that he should fail, Themselves provide
By raising Proofs in Crimson Murder dy'd,
While the red Streams of Honour'd *Godfrey*'s Bloud
So mournfully convince, and cry so loud.
Who, had they their own *Campanella* read,
Would sure have weigh'd th'Imprudence of the Deed,
And nere have been so sillily unholy
To stain their vile Impiety with Folly.
But when the Fact was done, more fondly vain,
Not onely to deny the Fact, but Man!
Makes their Foes smile, their Favourers despair,
While *TESTIS OVAT* sounds in every Ear.
But wonder not the Plot should be maintain'd,
An Act of Truth, where *Jesuits* have a hand:
They whose curs'd Principles are such, that all
Mankind disputes their first Original;
Whether by savage Beasts or Men begot,
Since all Mankind abhors the Bloudy Knot,
And where-soe'r they come, exterminates
Their fury from their Kingdoms and their States;
More *Cannibals* than *Samoedes*, that quaff
Whole Streams of Bloud, and onel' at Ruine laugh
'Tis not the first Attempt, so boldly made
Against the Hearts of Kings, by them betrayd:
Two *Henry's* (both of *France*) but lately fell
Deplored Victimes to this Brood of Hell:
But thus t'attempt against the Sacred Brest
Of *Him* that nere disturb'd their Hornets Nest,
The Prince of Piety, who governs so,
That his large Charity to all may flow!
Was that which all *Hospinian* far exceeds,
And his black Scroll of all their Impious Deeds.
But He that sav'd him in the Royal Oke,
Sav'd him again from this more dismal stroke;
While this *Triumphing Witness* brings to light
Their dark Contrivances and Deeds of Night.
May this *Triumphing Witness* then go on,
Till the deep Bottom of the Plot be known;
And while he onely the bold Truth declares,
Enjoy the Honour of his Loyal Cares.

F I N I S.

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